



**Start of Helen Williams Drutt
Collection
AR 11726**

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VI

Helen Williams Brett Collection, 2008



FEBRUARY 27, 2008
WORMS, GERMANY

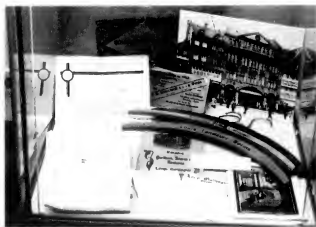
A JOURNEY INTO THE PAST

H. PETER STERN, HELEN W. DRUTT ENGLISH,
DIRK ALLGAIER,
HILDE ALLGAIER, DIRK'S MOTHER



PETER STERN, HELEN DRUTT,
AND HILDE ALLGAIER IN FRONT OF
THE ENTRANCE TO THE MIKVAH
IN WORMS

On February 27, 2008, we went together to visit the city of Worms on the Rhine, where Peter Stern's maternal forebearers, the Goldschmidts, had lived. There we visited the 11th-century synagogue founded in 1034 as well as the Mikvah, the Jewish ritual baths for women dating from 1185. While visiting the Jewish Museum in the Raschi House, Hilde Allgaier noticed a display case containing photos, vintage shopping bags, and advertising material created for the Goldschmidt Department Store, which Peter's family founded.



DISPLAY CASE IN THE
WORMS JEWISH MUSEUM

We were subsequently invited by the friendly staff to visit the Worms Municipal Archives, which are housed in the same building. There we were shown historic photos of the department store as well as pictures of Peter Stern's grandfather as a young man.

The Municipal Museum staff placed an illustrated history of Peter Stern's ancestors at our disposal, which I would like to present here:



THE SITE OF THE C. M. GOLDSCHMIDT DEPARTMENT STORE RIGHT ON MARKTPLATZ
IN WORMS BELOW THE CATHEDRAL; THE DEPARTMENT STORE EXTENDED OVER
THREE BUILDINGS (PHOTOS FROM 1927 AND 1931)

Peter Stern's great-great-grandfather, Clemens Markus Goldschmidt, was born in Trebur, Hesse, in 1805. While still a young man, he moved to Frankfurt am Main, and in 1837 to Worms. That same year (1837) he married Johanna Gernsheim, née Hüttenbach, and also founded a haberdashery store: C. M. Goldschmidt, Haberdashery and Woolen Goods, at 7 Marktplatz. Over the years, this store grew into the biggest and best known department store in the city of Worms, located right on Marktplatz next to the famous Romanesque cathedral.



VIEWS OF THE ART NOUVEAU INTERIOR
OF THE C. M. GOLDSCHMIDT DEPARTMENT
STORE (PHOTOS FROM 1912)



THE C. M. GOLDSCHMIDT DEPARTMENT
STORE WAREHOUSE (PHOTO FROM 1929)



ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE
C. M. GOLDSCHMIDT DEPARTMENT
STORE (DATES UNKNOWN)



PORTRAIT OF EITHER ALBERT OR JULIUS GOLDSCHMIDT



WRAPPING PAPER
USED BY THE C. M.
GOLDSCHMIDT
DEPARTMENT STORE
WITH EMBLEM
(ABOVE: THE FAMOUS
RHINE GATE OF THE
CITY OF WORMS, THAT
STILL STANDS TODAY)

The union of Clemens Markus (deceased 1855) and Johanna Goldschmidt produced six children, among them Albert Goldschmidt (born 1839, died 1901), Peter Stern's great-grandfather. He and his brother, Julius Goldschmidt (born 1838, died 1904), continued to run the business jointly. Under the management of the two brothers, the business became the biggest department store in Worms. Unfortunately, we were unable to find out whether the photo above is of Albert (Peter's great-grandfather) or his brother Julius Goldschmidt.



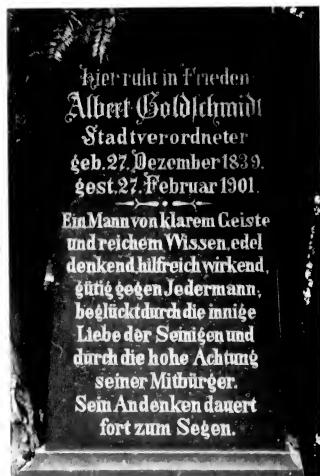
THE GRAVE OF CLEMENS MARKUS GOLDSCHMIDT, PETER STERN'S
GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER AND THE FOUNDER OF THE GOLDSCHMIDT
DEPARTMENT STORE (LEFT), AND THE GRAVE OF JOHANNA
GOLDSCHMIDT, PETER STERN'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER (RIGHT)

However, that afternoon we succeeded in finding the graves of Peter's great-grandfather, Albert Goldschmidt, and of his great-great-grandfather, Clemens Markus Goldschmidt, in the Jewish Cemetery in Worms.

With his wife, Emma Goldschmidt (born in Neustadt/Hardt in 1853), Albert had two sons: Clemens Markus (born 1875) and Julius (born 1877). The elder son, Dr. Clemens Markus Goldschmidt, was Peter Stern's grandfather. He was a distinguished lawyer in Worms, and had his practice at 4 Kaiser-Wilhelm-Straße, where he also lived with his family. His brother Julius was the one mainly concerned with running the department store. The Worms Municipal Archives were fortunately able to show us a photo of Peter Stern's grandfather (see next page).

Here rests in peace
Albert Goldschmidt
Municipal Commissary
b. December 27, 1839
d. February 27, 1901
— — — — —

A man of clear intellect
and rich in knowledge, noble
in thought, helpful in deed,
benevolent to all,
fortunate in the ardent
love of his family and
in the profound esteem
of his fellow citizens.
His memory remains
blessed henceforth.



THE GRAVE OF ALBERT GOLDSCHMIDT,
PETER STERN'S GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WITH
INSCRIPTION (ENGLISH TRANSLATION AT THE LEFT
OF THIS PAGE)



DR. CLEMENS MARKUS GOLDSCHMIDT, PETER STERN'S GRANDFATHER, AROUND 1925

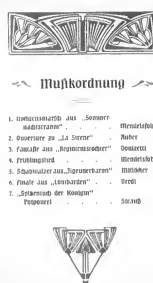
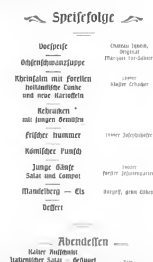
In 1904 Dr. Clemens Markus Goldschmidt married Else Goldschmidt, née Bodenheim (b. 1880 in Worms), Peter Stern's grandmother. The Worms Municipal Archives were able to show us photos of the following items from their wedding: the seating arrangement at table, the wedding dinner menu, and the concert program (see illustrations below).

THE WEDDING DINNER MENU:

Hors d'œuvres
Oxtail soup
Rhine salmon and trout in sauce hollandaise
With new potatoes
Saddle of venison with spring vegetables
Fresh lobster
Roman punch
Green geese
Salad and compote
Molded almond cake—ice-cream
Dessert
And wines appropriate to each course



THE SEATING ARRANGEMENT AT THE WEDDING DINNER OF DR. CLEMENS MARKUS GOLDSCHMIDT AND ELSE GOLDSCHMIDT ON JUNE 5, 1904.
THE MUSIC PROGRAM DURING THE WEDDING CELEBRATION, INCLUDING PIECES BY MENDELSSOHN, DONIZETTI, MILLOCKER, VERDI, AND STRAUSS



DR. CLEMENS MARKUS AND ELSE GOLDSCHMIDT IN SCARSDALE, NEW YORK, 1940-1945

Dr. Clemens Markus and Else Goldschmidt had two children: Franz Albert (b. 1906) and Charlotte Johanna Goldschmidt (born, Worms on September 14, 1902, died April 23, 1961, New York). She was Peter Stern's mother. She married Otto Stern (born October 24, 1890, in Cologne, died October 3, 1946 in Newfoundland) on January 22, 1924 in Heidelberg and they lived in Hamburg before moving in 1928 to Bucharest, Romania. They had two children: Ellen Stern Overton (born January 10, 1925 in Hamburg, now living in Washington D.C.) and Peter Stern (born June 12, 1928, Hamburg, now living in Mountainville, New York).

All that was found about Charlotte Johanna Goldschmidt in the Worms Municipal Archives is that she was no longer living in Worms by 1933. Nothing more is known about her there. We are planning to go to Worms again in June 2008 to tell the city how the story of Charlotte Johanna and her son, Peter Stern and daughter, Ellen S. Overton continues and about Peter Stern's great work in the US as well as the stories of his family, his children, and grandchildren.



THE GOLDSCHMIDT DEPARTMENT STORE IN 1945, DESTROYED BY BOMBING;
IN THE BACKGROUND, WORMS CATHEDRAL, VIRTUALLY UNTOUCHED

The Worms Municipal Archives also showed us a photo taken in 1945 of the severe damage sustained by the department store in the war as well as a photo of how the site looks today with a run-of-the-mill 1980s bank building.



THE DEPARTMENT STORE SITE TODAY, WITH A
BANK BUILDING; IN THE BACKGROUND WORMS
CATHEDRAL



PETER STERN AND HELEN DRUTT IN THE JEWISH CEMETERY IN WORMS
AT THE CELEBRATED GRAVE OF RABBI MEIR OF ROTHENBURG (D. 1293).

Deeply moved by the many new impressions made on us, we went to the site where the Goldschmidt Department Store once stood, and visited Worms Cathedral. We ended our stay in Worms by going to the large Jewish Cemetery, which is the oldest Jewish cemetery in Europe, and was not destroyed during the National Socialist era. There we found the graves of Peter Stern's great-grandfather, Albert Goldschmidt, and of his great-great-grandfather, Clemens Markus Goldschmidt.

That was a day that was fulfilling and very special for all of us, one that brought many new impressions and new knowledge. For Peter Stern, especially, this must have been a highly affecting and poignant day because, on it, he took a journey into the past to his ancestors and his family.

We look forward to another trip into the past to Worms in June 2008, when we will be accompanied by our friend Dieter Zühlsdorff, publisher, of Arnoldsche Art Publishers.

In deep friendship
Dirk Allgaier, Arnoldsche Art Publishers
Stuttgart, May 15, 2008



H. PETER STERN,

1995 THE OKLAHOMA HERD SOCIETY BIRTHDAY DINNER, 2000
COMPOSITE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE PORTRAIT OF LANSBURY PARK, 2000
REAR VIEW OF THE HORSE, 1999. HAWKWOOD, 2000. HAWKWOOD, 2000. HAWKWOOD, 2000.
1999. THE STORMING CARD, 1999. THE STORMING CARD, 1999.



In nineteen hundred and twenty – eight
Charlotte and Otto, who did mate
Gave life to a son whose name was H. Peter –
He followed sister Ellen with a different meter.

Born in Hamburg, but he moved to Bucharest
Where his parents flourished in an elegant nest
Rarely with him, they gave to Peter Nanny
Whose attention to her charge was quite uncanny.

A princely man whose life did span
Two continents from childhood to man –
As a babe in Hamburg who came into the world,
When he grew in Eastern Europe, he did unfurl.

As Peter strode through Romania, without a whim
Gypsy music haunted him.
His passion for music began quite early –
Loved Mozart and Bach, but nothing twirly.

He knew the kinder-Jeder before he was two
‘Cause Nanny sang to him a song or two.
His Nanny loved him and made it hard
For the women who followed to play their own card.

The war did come and the Sterns did flee
To America and psychic liberty –
But H. Peter's soul never did leave
In fact, U.S. sports made him peeve.

He entered into an American life
With a violin and not a fife.
Since Peter the Great was devouring history
No civilization would become a mystery.

But he ventured forth into the new world
And off to Harvard where his world unfurled.
He journeyed to Europe with Dick Uviller
They traveled through villages as if they were Gulliver.

And there he met wife number one
Who gave him three children, so he had begun
To be a father, a husband quite clear
And to his Ted Ogden, a son-in-law very dear.

Beware of concerts – for did you know
He met all three wives where music flows.
Joan in Salzburg, Margaret in New York
Helen in Cedar House – Stella Kramrisch was their stork!

He became bi-city, Mountainville and New York
From Park Avenue to the Stone House fork –
Where he rode his horses and studied mime
(Was it then I unconsciously hoped he'd be mine?)

But wait, I must, for wife number two
A southern scientist who gave him his due
And brought him into a social whirl
As she pasteled their nature as a gardener's girl.

He soon became a bon vivant –
Elegant horses he did mount –
He rode and performed classic dressage –
Built a cedar castle that was not a mirage.

Peter filled his home with Mughal threads of yore
And Indian miniatures – he wanted more.
Turkish velvets and Izmit plates
That decorated Cedar House, not its' gates.

His love of India was held supreme
And because of that Stella became his museum queen
And brought him Helen who was bound to be
Peter Stern's wife – that's right, number three.

And now, on the cusp of his eightieth year
He has family and friends whom he holds quite dear –
His life's been enriched by the roots of his past
And Storm King excels and forever will last.

So joyous days to my Peter the Star
Who celebrates life in a land quite far
From the place he was born with friends he adores
To the Storm King hills and the Mountainville moors.

Stream of consciousness ode on the occasion of Peter Stern's
Eightieth birthday, June 12, 2008 - with love from Helen.

Storm King Art Center is a museum that celebrates the relationship between sculpture and nature. Five hundred acres of landscaped lawns, fields and woodlands provide the site for postwar sculptures by internationally renowned artists. At Storm King, the exhibition space is defined by sky and land. Unencumbered by walls, the subtly created flow of space is punctuated by modern sculpture. The grounds are surrounded by the undulating profiles of the Hudson Highlands, a dramatic panorama integral to the viewing experience. The sculptures are affected by changes in light and weather, so no two visits are the same.

Maurice English, poet, translator, publisher, and journalist, was the Founding Editor of Chicago Magazine, Senior Editor of the University of Chicago Press, Founding Director of the Temple University Press and Director of the University of Pennsylvania Press. He published three books of poetry and translated the works of Eugenio Montale. Maurice English was the recipient of awards and honors for his poetry, a Fulbright Scholar, a MacDowell Fellow and a graduate of Harvard University. In 1985 a foundation in his name was established in which awards and support for poetry events have been given annually.

Poetry Reading
by
Ulla Hahn

Translated by Prof. Thomas Freeman

Saturday, October 25, 2008
3:00 p.m.

Co-Sponsored by the
Maurice English Poetry Award
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Storm King Art Center
Mountainville, New York

Respectable Sonnet

So why not write a respectable sonnet – St. H.

Come bite me right and bite right in again
and leave off merely nibbling. Here's where
it's good, and here, and you know where, yes, there,
and take my measure mouth to mouth. Paint then

considering these eyes, rings around
them, let me hide behind beneath my hand,
then spring to yours. Pleasure me in sixes and
in sevens. I scream I know no sound.

Stay with me. Wait. I'll come again,
back to myself, to you, and once more tell
you too. I'll be your lovely old refrain.

Rub rings of sunshine into belly's shell
so that the warmth remain.
Then keep my eyelids open, my lips as well.

Anständiges Sonett

Schreib doch mal
ein anständiges Sonett
St. H.

Komm beiß dich fest ich halte nichts
vom Nippen. Dreimal am Anfang küß
mich wo's gut tut. Miß
mich von Mund zu Mund. Mal angesichts

der Augen mir Ringe um
und laß mich springen unter
der Hand in deine. Zeig mir wie's drunter
geht und drüber. Ich schreie ich bin stumm.

Bleib bei mir. Warte. Ich komm wieder
zu mir zu dir dann auch
„ganz wie ein Kehrreim schöner alter Lieder.“

Verreib die Sonnenkringel auf dem Bauch
mir ein und allemal. Die Lider
halt mir offen. Die Lippen auch.

Your hair

grows thin
and white grows mine

You look at me so often
close and closer
as if I'd be
a precious rarity

You reach out for my hand
as if I'd be
the one to know
the way
out

Dein Haar

wird weniger weiß
und meines weiß

Du siehst mich immer öfter an
wie eine Rarität

Du faßt nach meiner Hand
als wüßte ich den Ausweg

Beginning October

You send me roses and withhold the bush
and apples that the wind has torn down in your garden
no tree no house no child your word
unravels in far sounds of distant birds

I say stay much more often than before
and let you go
The berries ripen on the mountain ash trees
seized by the bird who carry them away.

Anfang Oktober

Du schenkst mir Rosen und behältst den Strauch
und Äpfel die ein Wind herunterriß in deinem Garten
und keinen Baum kein Haus kein Kind dein Wort
löst sich in ferne Vogellaute auf

Ich sage bleib noch öfter als bisher
und laß dich gehen
Die reifen Beeren von den Ebereschen
Ergreift der Vogel weit trägt er sie fort

Poem

To Proteus

For soon one saw you as a man, soon as a lion;
soon you were a dreadful boar, soon -
horrible to touch - a snail;
soon horns turned you into a bull; often
you looked like a stone, often too like a tree.
(Ovid: Metamorphosis VIII)

Hard to explain that a poem
has no object like a ship
its containers a season its flowers
Indivisible like a primary number
So that it flees as you do from time
and is over
when you cease to write when
you cease to read
when you do not any more
remember what you just
were in a flash
in a moment long a word long
reeds flame dust comet
which hisses by a swarm
of little birds chirping away
above all of us nothing tangible
not even black on white
Childrens's paintbox at best
jumping water tied to this
earth securely Host
under the tongue trust
calm and blind Played
on syringes hard like a
breeze as if tipped on a hat
Now and Over Oh
you fear of the end endless fear
that everything's over until all is over

as long as we write
as long as we read there
can be no all as long as you write
as long as you read only the others
have died for you when you read it
when it reads you abandens you
under rampant
heavens windfalls septemberapples
the raw and the cooked
the emptiness, the silenced, the abundance
hand and foot with shoes and without
man and woman with longing
and without breadsoup with beer. Now
and Here say what you want what
do you want more than everything back and
for Ever Nothing stops when
you stop to be or? Nottobe cannot be
in a poem and not in life
Take the wood from the embers None
who is pleased about ashes. Give names give premises
Give names Little shelters established above
the abyss All the music
from the silence in Beethoven's ear

Gedicht

Schwer zu erklären daß ein Gedicht
keinen Gegenstand hat wie ein Schiff
seine Container eine Jahreszeit ihre Blumen
Unteilbar wie eine Primzahl
Daß es flieht wie du vor der Zeit
und vorbei ist
wenn du zu schreiben aufhörst zu
lesen aufhörst wenn du dich nicht
mehr Erinnerst was du gerade noch
warst in einem Aufblitzen
einem Moment lang ein Wort lang
Schilfrohr Flamme Staub Komet
der vorbeizischt ein Schwarm
kleiner Vögel zwitschernd über
uns alle hinweg nichts Greifbares
nicht einmal schwarz auf weiß
Höchstens Kindermalkasten
springendes Wasser an dieser
Erde festbinden Hostie
unter der Zunge Vertrauen
gelassen und blind Gespielt
auf Syringen hart wie eine
Brise so wie an den Hut getippt
Jetzt und Vorbei Oh
du Angst vor dem Ende endlose Angst
daß alles vorbei ist bis alles vorbei ist
solange wir schreiben
solange wir lesen kann es
kein alles geben solange du schreibst
solange du liest sind nur die anderen
für dich gestorben wenn du es liest
wenn es dich liest aus
setzt unter wuchernden
Himmeln Fallobst Septemberäpfeln
Das Rohe und das Gekochte
Das Leere das Gestillte der Überfluß
Hand und Fuß mit Schuhen und ohne

Mann und Frau mit Sehnsucht
und ohne Brotsuppe mit Bier Jetzt
und Hier sag was du willst was
willst du mehr als alles zurück und
Für Immer Nichts hört auf
wenn du aufhörst zu
Sein oder? Nichtsein kann es nicht geben
im Gedicht nicht geben und nicht im Leben
Nimm das Holz aus der Glut Keiner
den Asche erfreut Gib Namen Prämissen
Gib Namen Kleine Unterkünfte über
dem Abgrund gegründet All diese Musik
aus der Stille in Beethovens Ohr.

Getting Older

Hesitating in the middle of a sentence

Asking when you think
you understood it

Not to be in a hurry
willing to know

A stone a glass a hand
holding longer than necessary

Touching the sleeve of the person to whom you're talking
to feel that you are still here

Losing a book, a look, a skin
not wanting to find it again

Remembering instead of longing

The thought: all that will still be there after I'm gone
Exercise like a muscle

Feeling as if someone were in the room

Älterwerden

Zögern mitten im Satz

Nachfragen wenn man glaubt
es verstanden zu haben

Es nicht mehr eilig haben
mit dem Wissenwollen

Einen Stein ein Glas eine Hand
länger festhalten als nötig

Den Ärmel des Gegenüber beim Reden berühren
zu spüren man ist noch da

Ein Buch einen Blick eine Haut verlieren
und nicht mehr finden wollen

Erinnern statt sehnen

Den Gedanken: Das alles ist nach mir noch da
trainieren wie einen Muskel

Gefühl als wäre jemand im Zimmer

Visting Mother

Every time she again,
became a bit smaller
little ankle thinner as child's legs:
bird's legs hold me tight.

In my arms she shrinks
into me with all her
angora shirt blouse wool jacket apron
encloses herself in my heart

lies in my blood
looks at me close with
pupils the size of a pinhead
from within my eyes.

Besuch bei der Mutter

Jedesmal ist die wieder
ein Stückchen kleiner geworden
Knöchelchen dünner als Kinderbein:
Vogelbein halten mich fest

In meinen Armen schrumpft sie
in mich hinein mitsamt
Angora-Hemd Bluse Wolljacke Kittel
schließt sich in mein Herz

Liegt mir im Blut
schaut mich an mit
Pupillen stecknadelkopfgroß
aus meinen Augen

Rearranging

So quietly
You dressed and said goodbye
So quietly again
You told a tender lie

So quietly
You closed the door
So quietly
You rearranged your heart once more.

Zurechtgerückt

Ganz leise hast
du dich angezogen
ganz leise noch einmal
zärtlich gelogen

Ganz leise die
Türe zugedrückt
ganz leise dein
Herz zurechtgerückt.

Bread and Salt

You have not built a house
So build on me

You did not plant a tree
Lie down rest in my shade

Not fathered raised a child
Take me into your arms

Let it be me: your bread and salt of the earth on earth

Brot und Salz

Du hast kein Haus gebaut
Bau denn auf mich

Und keinen Baum gepflanzt
Leg dich in meinen Schatten

Kein Kind gezeugt
Nimm mich in deinen Arm

Laß mich dein Brot und Salz der Erde sein.

Ulla Hahn, born into a poor working class family, grew up in Monheim, at that time a small village located at the Rhein-river, north of Cologne; today Monheim has grown into a medium size city and the mayor is planning to save and restore Ulla Hahn's small family house and use it as a museum and for educational opportunities in honor of Ulla Hahn.

Ulla Hahn underwent a difficult educational process which she described in her major and very successful novel "Das verborgene Wort" (The hidden Word). The book was recently made into a series on German national television.

Ulla Hahn began, and still is primarily known, as a lyricist. Her first volume of poems, "Herz über Kopf" (1981) (literally – but not adequately – translated "Heart above head"), was enthusiastically reviewed and has since been followed by six further volumes of poetry (the last 2004: "So offen die Welt" – "So open to the world"). She published three novels, a volume of short stories, a great number of essays, important anthologies and lectured among others at Heidelberg University and Beloit College.

Ulla Hahn has frequently intervened in favor of writers in prison and contributed among others significantly to the liberation of Irina Ratushinskaya.

Ulla Hahn received a great number of prizes in literature (Villa Massimo, Rom, Hölderlin; Leoncc Lena; Roswitha von Gandersheim; German Book prize; Cicero etc.). She also received the Federal Republic "Bundesverdienstkreuz" (Federal Cross of Merits).

Ulla Hahn lives in Hamburg, Germany and is married to Klaus von Dohnanyi.

Thomas Freeman B.A. Haverford, M.A., Ph.D. Stanford in German and Humanities. Teaching: Columbia, New School, SUNY, the Universities of Hamburg and Erfurt. Currently Professor of German at Beloit College in Wisconsin. 29 Postdoctoral Fellowships including grants from the NEH, the Fulbright Commission and the Mellon, and Alexander von Humboldt Foundations. Best known for an 800-page biography of the German writer Hans Henny Jahnn. He published translations of Ulla Hahn's poetry in Bomb. Artists. Writers. Actors. Directors. Musicians. Anniversary Issue Summer, 1996.

Oct. 25, 2008
Stoma King

My Father

Who is that?
my friends ask
and point to the photo
of the man over my desk
between Salvador Allende
and Angela Davis.
I say:
My father. Dead.
Then no one asks me more.

Who is that?
I ask the man
who does not even
laugh for the passport photo,
who looks past me
as if he were greeting
people
he doesn't/didn't/like.

Farmchild, one of twelve
and at eleven quit school
had learned
to look up
with a bowed head.
Became bent over
As a worker at a machine
and as a soldier
seduced/misled against the Reds/seduced into fighting against the Reds/

Afterwards another time:
believed didn't understand.
But persevered/continued
as a father at the machine
as a father in the family
and Sundays in Church
thanks to his wife
and the people of the village.

I hated him./ Him I did hate

In the evenings when he came home
from the factory
I yelled vocabulary words at him
Latin, English.
At the table in the homes of Professors
when the tea dripped
from my trembling hands
onto my knees

I made jokes
about the paws / plays on words southern slang for "fathers"
that reeked of machine oil.

It was hard to unlearn my faith
I learned to grasp and grasped

That's the one I want to love
unto death
all those
who bear the guilt
for his life
and for my hate

Sometimes,
(the blanket was already
over his knees
in the wheelchair)
he took my hand,
measured it
with fingers and glances
and asked me
how I expected to use it to create
the new world

With You,
I said
and held my fist
clenched in his

Then we made time
our own
when I counted out for him
one sixth of the earth
red on the table
and he took it
for himself
piece by piece
and methodically
at face value

Who is that?
ask my friends
and I say:
one of us.
Except that the photographer
forgot
that he looks at me
And laughs/ is looking at me/and laughing

Mein Vater

Wer ist das?
fragen meine Freunde
und deuten auf das Foto
des Mannes über meinen Schreibtisch
zwischen Salvador Allende
und Angela Davis.
Ich sage:
Mein Vater. Tot.
Dann fragt niemand weiter.

Wer ist das?
frage ich den Mann,
der nicht einmal
für das Passfoto lächelt,
der an mir vorbeischaut
wie beim Grüßen
an Menschen,
die er nicht mochte.

Bauernkind, eines von Zwölf,
und mit elf von der Schule;
hatte ausgelernt,
mit geducktem Kopf nach
oben zu sehen.
Ist krumm geworden
als Arbeiter an der Maschine
und als Soldat
verführt gegen die Roten.

Nachher noch einmal:
geglaut, nicht begriffen.
Aber weitergemacht.
Als Arbeiter an der Maschine
als Vater in der Familie
und sonntags in der Kirche
wegen der Frau
und der Leute im Dorf.

Den hab ich gehaßt.

Abends, wenn er aus der Fabrik
nach Hause kam,
schrie ich ihm entgegen
Vokabeln, Latein, Englisch.
Am Tisch bei Professors,
als mir der Tee
aus zitternden Händen

auf die Knie tropfte,
hab ich Witze gestammelt
über Tatzen,
die nach Maschinenöl stinken.

Hab das Glauben verlernt mit Mühe,
Hab begreifen gelernt und begriffen:

Den will ich lieben
bis in den Tod
all derer,
die schuld sind
an seinem Leben
und meinem Haß.

Manchmal,
da lag schon die Decke
auf seinen Knien
im Rollstuhl,
nahm er meine Hand,
hat sie abgemessen
mit Fingern und Blicken
und mich gefragt,
wie ich sie damit machen will,
die neue Welt.

Mit Dir,
hab ich gesagt
und meine Faust
geballt in der seinen.

Da machten wir die Zeit
zu der unseren,
als ich ein Sechstel
der Erde ihm
rot auf den Tisch hinzählte
und er stückweis
und bedächtig
für bare Münze
und für sich nahm.

Wer ist das?
fragen meine Freunde
und ich sag:
Einer von uns.
Nur der Fotograf
hat vergessen,
daß er mich anschaut
und lacht.

Ars Poetica

Nomina si pereunt, perit et cognito rerum.
Carl von Linné

Yes. No. Responsibility. God.
so many words. To be at home where
one belongs the great world atlas
final disturbances experiential poetry the
rose is a rose is a rose

At this point only I remain she who
experiences/the one who experiences/
address worldwide insignificant and as you like
the sun shines go along this path
everyday what's wasted is your material
Don't tell me anything about walking/going/stand up and walk/go

The garden waits Easter-melody where it revolves/turns
filtered sublimated beautifully deep and high
percentage distilled poetry of consciousness of the old/ancient
sort the
rose is a rose est una rosa
and would be fragrant even without any name

Ars Poetica

Nomina si pereunt, perit et cognito rerum.
Carl von Linné

Ja. Nein. Verantwortung. Gott
so viel Worte. Zu haus sein wo
man hingehört der große Weltatlas
finale Störungen Erlebnisdichtung die
rose is a rose is a rose

An dieser Stelle nur noch Ich Erleberin
Adresse weltweit unbedeutend und beliebig
die Sonne scheint geh diesen Weg entlang
was täglich abfällt ist dein Material
Erzähl mir nichts vom Gehen steh auf und geh

Der Garten wartet Ostermelodie wo es sich dreht
gefiltert sublimiert schön tief und hoch
prozentig destilliert Bewußteinspoesie der alten Art die
Rose is a rose est uns rosa
und würde ohne jeden Namen duften.

Untitled

Lived only in strange houses
and in words. Fear
something could belong to me alone
No pictures hung on walls
no oven round the fire
Keep time fluid Sleep in between
my head n my suitcase
full of lifsfraughts.

Immer in fremden Häusern gewohnt
und in Wörtern. Angst
etwas könnte mir einmal ganz gehören
Bloß keine Bilder aufhängen
bloß keinen Herd um das Feuer
Flüssig halten die Zeit und dazwischen
Schlaf mit dem Kopf auf dem Koffer
voller Lebnerschmissn.

Tidying Up

Quietly so very quietly
you dressed then sighted
quite quietly tenderly
again you lied

Then quietly so quietly
you closed the door and stole
away and quietly stopped
to tidy up your quiet soul.

Zurechtgerückt

Ganz leise hast
du dich angezogen
ganz leise noch einmal
zärtlich gelogen

Ganz leise die
Türe zugedrückt
ganz leise dein
Herz zurechtgerückt.

Hypothetical Sonnet

Where we to breathe more deeply slowly
softly tread and gently turn our eyes
to one another quietly speak and
seldom, we would live forever

not just a bit forever but much
more like the sea perhaps or even
seaborn words and sentences
or this very afternoon today

when we bring each other to forget
whatever happens wherever
would last let's say weeks or four

which then again some
twofold threefold years
at least – just now.

Hypothetisches Sonnett

Wenn wir tiefer atmeten langsamer
gingen ruhiger führten unsere Augen
von einem zum anderen nur noch leise
sprächen und selten: ewig lebten wir

nicht aber ein bißchen ewiger doch
wie das Meer vielleicht oder sogar
wie Worte und Sätze vom Meer
oder dieser eine Nachmittag heute

an dem wir einander vergessen machen
was anderswo auch geschieht
dauerte sagen wir drei bis vier Wochen

die wiederum ein paar
doppelte dreifache Jahre oder
wenigstens: Jetzt.

Dead Love

Dead love wall
little flowers split in two
never forget forgetting
love out in the country
in the spring all cats are
gray in the night when
love awakens under the
sheet pulled up
over the forehead.

Tote Liebe

Tote Liebe Mauer
blümchen zweigeteilt
niemals vergessen vergessen
die Liebe auf dem Lande
im Lenz sind alle Katzen
grau in der Nacht wenn
die Liebe erwacht unterm
Laken gezogen bis
über die Stirn.

Cat's Meal

Everything in Roma is edible
Artichokes black sheep/
ciceroni chips cypresses
Rosemary maroni (macaroni?)

Everything in Rome is forgettable
El train and underground Ullatrain Hamburg's Alster Lake and
Berlin's River Spree/
Smallville, Pill, Pillpusher
Papa Papperlap

Everything is forgettable edible
Colosseum Marzipan
Minestrone Mama Mia
Dolche Duce You

Katzenmahlzeit

Alles ist in Roma eßbar
Artischocken schwarzes Schaf
Ciceroni Chips Cypressen
Rosmarin Maroni

Alles ist in Rom vergeßbar
Esbahn Uhahn Alster Spree
Villen Pillen Brillenträger
Papa Papperlap

Alles ist vergeßbar eßbar
Colosseum Marzipan
Minestrone Mama Mia
Dolce Duce Du

The Ballad of Galileo and Two Women

The job, husband, child, writing, everything
Neatly together: it doesn't work anymore.
Puts out one cigarette and lights
The next. Another glass of wine.

We're sitting in Da capo. The first
Telescope showed the jagged edges
Of the moon – an unappealing pattern
Full of peaks and gaps. Abandoned.

That's what he'll be my friend says
She'll leave him and jabs out in front of her
With her fork. To be free. I too
Have left a man. The sun

Not the earth at the centre. He wept.
And I couldn't touch him anymore. Chianti
Saltimbocca a salad. Golden light through
Highset windowpanes. Such young arms

The young girl at the next table has
Around a young man. Does a woman like my friend
Have one arm too many one to few? Are
We then monsters? Are we insatiable?

The priests opposed to Galileo refused
To look through the telescope, justified themselves
With God, the Ptolemaists. Telescopes were
Unknown there. The lover's presence. Our house

Milk bottles at the door. The earth a slice
Of black bread with heather honey. Can you
Pick up our child? Bring the paper with you.
That and that other matter – that with

The third arm. At the desk. Alone
With the unproven. Obsessed, lost in thought
Galileo stared into the darkness. Jupiter has
Four moons. He threw the warnings to the wind.

When he was old blind silent a student
Asked him if he had really recanted. Yes
He said. They showed me the tongs and
My blood ran cold for fear. I knew

A woman who at forty gave up playing
The piano: pills shock treatment finally into
The water; after five children her daughter took up

Painting. Cancer and already dead at fifty. And I then

Am her daughter. My body is afraid. The sun not
The earth at the centre: thus Galileo at the end
And, Jupiter has three moons. This as prisoner
In dungeon candlelight and quickly falling.

Sight. Bill, please. And it does
Move indeed: it would have been nice
If that sentence had really been his. Outside
In the heavens – the gentle moon. No

Trace of jagged edges.
Entirely smooth entirely
Soft round and perfect.

Ballade von Galileo und zwei Frauen

Der Job der Mann das Kind das Schreiben alles
Unter einen Hut – es geht nicht mehr.
Drückt eine Zigarette aus und macht
Die nächste an. Noch ein Glas Wein.

Wir sitzen im Da capo. Das erste
Teleskop zeigte die Zacken an den Rändern
Des Mondes – kein schönes Muster
Vielmehr wüst zerklüftet. Verlassen

Sagt die Freundin will sie ihn und reckt
Die Gabel vorwärts. Frei sein. Ich habe
Auch schon einmal einen Mann
Verlassen. Die Sonne

Nicht die Erde ist das Zentrum. Er
Weinte. Und ich konnte ihn nicht mehr
Berühren. Chianti Saltim bocca ein Salat. Goldenes
Licht durch hohe Fensterscheiben. So junge Arme

Eines jungen Mädchens am Nebentisch um
Einen jungen Mann. Hat eine Frau wie meine Freundin
Einen Arm zuviel einen zuwenig? Sind
Wir denn Monster? Sind wir unersättlich?

Die Priester gegen Galileo verweigerten
Den Blick durchs Teleskop, beriefen sich auf Gott
Und auf die Ptolemäer. Dort waren Teleskope
Unbekannt. Die Nähe des Geliebten. Unser Haus

Milchflaschen vor der Tür. Die Erde eine Scheibe
Schwarzbrot mit Heidehonig. Holst du
Das Kind ab? Bring die Zeitung mit. Das und
Und das andere – das mit

Dem dritten Arm. Am Schreibtisch. Alleine
Mit dem Ungeprüften. Besessen selbstvergessen
Hielt Galileo seine Augen in die Finsternis. Jupiter hat
Vier Monde. Schlug jede Warnung in den Wind.

Als er alt blind verstummt war fragte ihn
Ein Schüler ob er wirklich widerrief: Ja
Sagte er, sie zeigten mir die Zangen und
Meinen Körper graust vor Schmerzen. Ich kannte

Eine Frau die hörte mit vierzig auf Klavier
Zu spielen: Pillen Eletroschocks zum Schluß
Ins Wasser, die Tochter nach fünf Kindern

Fing zu malen an. Krebs und mit fünfzig tot. Ich

Bin ihre Tochter. Mein Körper fürchtet sich. Die Sonne nicht
Die Erde steht im Zentrum: So Galileo am Ende. Und:
Jupiter hat drei Monde. Dies als Gefangener
Im Kerker Kerzenlicht und immer

Schneller erblindend. Zahlen. Und sie
Bewegt sich doch. Es wäre schön gewesen
Er hätte diesen Satz wirklich gesagt. Draußen
Am Firmament der gute Mond. Von

Klüften keine Spur.
Ganz weich ganz
Wie eine runde Sache.

Television image of the photo of a jewish woman in a concentration camp.

At the time I was ill in bed
because of my breasts when I saw your photo. For
I was very frightened. But your face said
to me not to cry any more

over me. The camera zeroed in for a second
on your head the cropped hair
then slowly panned to where your breast once beckoned
and with a still stare stopped there

Until I understood
what your glance meant to
me and was ashamed of the tears
which I had not yet wept for you for all of you

Fernsehbild vom Foto einer jüdischen Frau im KZ

Da lag ich krank mit meinen
Brüsten als ich dein Bild sah.
Ich hatte große Angst. Da
bat mich dein Gesicht nicht mehr zu weinen

um mich. Sekundenlang verhardt die Kamera
auf deinem Kopf den kurzgeschornen Haaren
dann fuhr sie langsam nah
dahin wo deine Brüste waren

und stand dort still. Bis ich
begriffen was dein Blick gemeint
und mich der Tränen schämte
die ich um dich um euch noch nicht geweint.

For Gertrud Kolmar

Loved and raised children into the world brought
none. Aborted. The mother it.
Since then something like the weeping of children is in your poems
And dragged your fertility unused through the years
in images and metaphor jettisoned / into
genitives rich in artistry
countering the sadness of always being the other never the one.

What else was there? /for you/ What else could you do? You encased
Yourself in sunsets/
Wore green and gold in your blossoming jewelry
Garden in summer where time seemed suspended
you lived surrounded be choruses of bees
with the big plundering bright / colorful woodpecker
with heron squirrel otters bumble bees the woodpecker the toad:
I am the toad and bear the jewel...
Turned inward away from the world inside a snail's horn
From outside barely audible
the whoosh of the guillotine. For a short time.

you lived in my neighborhood. I would have invited you for a snack of
eel and sprats / herring/ with brown bread filled with currents
sprinkled with salt and caraway seeds the way you liked it.
Here you went through the city for the last time perhaps
hand in hand with someone
Down there on the river paths someone is still sits
and paints the leafless weeping willow and the boat dock
is still slippery and algae-green
Three swans over the waves like you I break the bread
throw it far into the waters. He did not let you go either.
Your hair too dark too much mournful gloom about your eyes. Your
star too close/
A patchwork.

When there was no one left who loved you, you learned
to love your people in tattered clothes/ a tattered dress.
When there was no one left who heard you, you screamed
your poem into the ear of the night
Calamity speech jerusalemite.

Für Gertrud Kolmar

Kinder geliebt und erzogen zur Welt gebracht
keines. Abgetrieben. Die Mutter hat es gewollt.
Etwas wie Kinderweinen ist seither in deinen Gedichten
und deine Fruchtbarkeit ungebraucht durch die Jahre geschleppt
in kunstreichen Genitiven überbordenden Bildern Metaphern
gegen die Trauer immer die Andere nie die Eine zu sein.

Was blieb dir übrig? Du hülltest dich in Sonnenuntergänge
trugst Grün und Gold in blühendem Geschmeide
Garten im Sommer wo die Zeit sich festzusetzen schien
hast du gelebt *umtönt von Bienenchören*
mit dem *großen plündernden Buntspecht*
mit Reiher Eichhorn Ottern Hummeln dem Specht der Kröte:
Ich bin die Kröte und trade den Edelstein...
Weltversunken im Schneckenhorn. Von draußen kaum vernehmbar
das Sausen des Fallbeils. Für kurze Zeit

hast du in meiner Nachbarschaft gewohnt. Zu Aal und Sprotten
hätt ich dich geladen zu braunem Brot mit Korinthen gefüllt oder
mit Salz und Kümmel bestreut wie du es gern aßest.
Hier gingst du durch *die Stadt* zum letzten Mal vielleicht
mit einem *Hand in Hand*.
Drunten am Uferwege sitzt noch immer
einer und malt die *blattlos hängende Weide* und der Bootssteg
ist noch immer glitschig und algengrün.
Drei Schwäne über den Wellen ich breche wie du das Brot
Werfe es *weit in die Flut*. Auch er ließ dich los.
Zu finster dein Haar zu düster dein Auge. Dein Stern zu nah.
Ein Flicker.

Als es keinen mehr gab der dich liebte lerntest du
dein *Volk im Plunderkleid* zu lieben.
Als es keinen mehr gab der dich hörte schriest du
der Nacht ins Ohr dein Gedicht
Kalamattasprache Jerusalemitisch.

For Dorian Gray

The heart of those last warm days the sky
breaking up thin strips of light in the north
and all those lovely dead white upon white
the full moon coming up among the birches
How very much we miss the unbearable
we then called Heat
rustling of snakes swallows
flown away like words
from unwell mind

Translated by Oliver Grannis

Für Dorian Gray

Das Herz der letzten warmen Tage das
Zerreißende im Norden dünner Lichtschein
all die schönen Toten weiß über weiß der volle Mond
geht in den Birken auf Wie sehr
vermissen wir schon jetzt das Unerträgliche
das wir Die Hitze nannten
Rascheln von Schlangen Schwalben
davongeflogen wie Wörter
aus einem kranken Kopf.

Muse Asleep

None of these books being printed
will she ever be able to read
nor will she ever know again
the concolation of the trees
not even the tips of the buds nor
that lovely moment without pain
They've hardened all to stone
to lie one over the other on her breast
and her bit of life is more and more
this heavy harshness these hard core
obscurities of force and degradation.

If only there weren't so much
about her still honey and golden the thin peaked face
under a kerchief the face of a little muse
Why
is she being pulled out of life like this
a bad apple from the middle of the crate? My hate's
an ill-fitting wedding ring without a finger

Morning All night I've been with her
by her high bed
She liked so much to play
new games new luck pokering
with herself with others the way she wanted
by her own rules Everything goes and now
everything's going the way life wants and
life's own rules are law relecting everything
certain absolutely everything Never again
a chance to choose this thing or another
not now nor soon
not even between coffee or tea The morning
staff arrives She's sleeping I'll be able
to leave I can go I can
even walk on water as long as the ice holds
or stay here in the room already warming
in the February sun.

Translated by Oliver Grannis

Schlafende Muse

Keines der Bücher die jetzt im Druck sind
wird sie noch lesen können und den Trost
der Bäume nicht mehr erfahren nicht einmal
aus den Spitzen der Knospen und der
schöne Augenblick – der ohne Schmerzen –
versteinert sich immer
schneller und liegt dann
unverrückbar einer und nach dem anderen
schwer auf ihrer Brust und ihr Stückleben
gleicht immer mehr einer harten Sache einem
harten Porno obszön und voller Gewalt und Erniedrigung

Wäre nur nicht so vieles
an ihr noch honig und golden das spitze Gesicht
unterm Kopftuch das Gesicht einer kleinen Muse
Warum
liest man sie aus dem Leben mitten heraus
wie einen faulen Apfel aus einem Faß? Mein Haß
ein fingerloser Ehering der keinem paßt

Der Morgen kommt Ich bin die ganze Nacht
bei ihr gewesen an ihrem hohen Bett
Sie hat so gern gespielt
ein neues Spiel ein neues Glück va banque
mit sich den anderen nach ihrem Kopf nach
ihren Regeln Alles geht und jetzt geht alles
nach dem Kopf des Lebens und seine Willkür
ist Gesetz und alles ächt jetzt alles
fest umrissen alles ganz sich Niemals

mehr eine Chance das eine oder andere
jetzt oder bald zu wählen
nicht einmal zwischen Kaffee oder Tee Der Morgen
pfleger kommt Sie schläft Ich werde gehen
können Ich kann gehen
sogar übers Wasser solange das Eis hält oder
im Zimmer bleiben wo die Februarsonne schon wärmt.

My Loreley

My sister drowned herself
Why is it so lovely on the
Rhine to see the Loreley
bathed in waste water
after a long night
at an inn wonderous mild
there she combs her white hair
she was recently a guest when
he grabed her with
his sweet mouth and
cooly burned ten electroshocks
into her brain.

Meine Loreley

Meine Schwester hat sich ertränkt
warum ist es am Rhein so
schön die Loreley zu sehn
mit dem Abwasser angeschwemmt
nach einer langen Nacht
bei einem Wirte wundermild
kämmt sie ihr weißes Haar da
war sie jüngst zu Gast als
er sie angefaßt mit
seinem süßen Mund und
zehn Elektroschocks kühl
in ihr Hirn gebrannt.

August Moment / Moment in August

Write what should I write
Hit today – No workers union that fights for
my coldrink mourningcoat
on purple hat sounds good but has
no relation to world affairs
little social wellevents
in lemonbalm and marjoram belongs yer
liverwurst rather than a poem there
fore shut your trap or undertake something for example
civil servants always fork over a bit Fanfare/Flourish. Or
forest of german until rain. Or
something or other dying out flowers animal
attempts/experiments/ tries flourish/fanfare hunger
best of all in lands with A. Children die
in capital letters kaposi syndrome main
thing concerning the thing the thing
seen critically the earth a valley of death but
with plumbing health benefits climate conference
lines through the suffering on credit. Man
Healthy and whole instead of the ne in front of the housedoor or
this/ tripe in the hand just not too near just not writing with one
hand in/
the wound or on the edge of the knife. /but also just no verses by
hand in the stars or on doves' feet. Yesterday did you see the
first lightningbug this year. Yesterday
your husband kissed the fur of another woman? Yesterday did you see
the needle marks? /Fixer/ bug bites /Insektenstiche/ on your son's
arm? /Did you see how Able slew his brother exchanged cloths and
Ids/Passports? /Yesterday your wife gave birth to a healthy child?
It doesn't change anything. Humanity. Suspend
a silent moment in August. discharging Middytree
owe the late roses and the sky
up there how far away and hidden it is.

Augenblick im August

Schreiben was soll ich schreiben
Heiß heute – Keine Gewerkschaft die für
mein Kaltgetränk kämpft Trauermantel
auf Purpurhut klingt gut steht aber
in keinem Bezug zum Weltgeschehn
wenig soziale Rellwanz
in Zitronenmelisse und Majoran gehört
eher inne Leberwurst als innen Gedicht
Also halt doch die Klappe oder nimm dir
was vor zum Beispiel Staatsdiener
geben immer was her. Tusch. Oder
Wald vom deutschen bis Regen. Oder
irgendwas Aussterbendes Blumen
Tiere Bäume. Tusch. Hunger
am besten in Ländern mit A. Kinder
Sterben in Großbuchstaben Kaposi Syndrom Haupt
Sache zur Sache die Sache
kritisch gesehen die Erde ein Jammertal aber
mit Wasserspülung Lohnfortzahlung Klimakonferenz
Zeilen Zeilen Zeilen durch das Leid auf Kredit. Mensch
Heil statt den vor der Haustür oder dieses
Gekröse in der eigenen Brust bloß nicht
zu nah bloß nicht Schreiben mit einer Hand in
der Wunde oder auf Messers Schneide.
Bloß keine Verse mit der Hand in den Sternen
oder auf Taubenfüßen. Gestern hast du den ersten
Leuchtkäfer in diesem Jahr gesehn? Gestern küßte
dein Mann das Fell einer anderen Frau? Gestern hast du
die Stiche im Arm deines Sohnes gesehn?
Sahst wie Abel den Bruder erschlug Kleider und Pässe tauschte?
Gestern brachte deine Frau ein gesundes Kind zu Welt?
Tut nichts zu Sache. Der Menschheit. Halt ein
lautloser Augenblick im August ausladender Mittagsbaum
über den späten Rosen und der Himmel
da oben wie ist er so weit und verborgen.

Bare

for Andrej Tarkowski

The earth lies closed
The bared wonder
Snow falls in the churches
We keep silent
And braid the hair of the dead

Bar

Für Andrej Tarkowski

Die Erde liegt verschlossen
Der Wunder bar
Es schneit in die Kirchen
Wir schweigen
Und flechten den Toten das Haar.

A Rose is a Rose

The wound has been torn open
Once again you have succeeded
I see:
Raw.
Red is no
Rose.
Only a work of art
is beautiful
when it bleeds
only a work of art
is beautiful.

Eine Rose ist eine Rose

Die Wunde aufgerissen
Es ist dir noch einmal gelungen
Ich seh:
Roh. Es
ist Rotes ist keine
Rose.
Nur ein Kunstwerk
ist schön
wenn es blutet
nur ist ein
Kunstwerk schön.

Seduction or The Sirens

I saw the rhythm in your pulse
so close, there in your shoulder objection
the air was a burden
How to keep from fastening on to *Lebensgefahr* objection
the air had been cut from glass
your words bounced off the drums of my ears
My eyes touched you my eyes
opened you my eyes heard you (beseeching)
my eyes gave you hands and ears
and mouth my eyes your house
Beware my eyes *Lebensgefahr*.

Sirene

Daß ich den Rhythmus deines Pulsschlags sah
so nah in deiner Achselhöhle aber
die Luft war geladen
Nicht anfassen Lebensgefahr aber
die Luft war aus Glas
deine Worte prallten von meinem Trommelfell ab
Meine Augen berührten dich meine Augen
öffneten dich meine Augen hörten dich
meine Augen gaben dir Hände und Ohren
und Mund meine Augen dein Haus
Vorsicht meine Augen Lebensgefahr.

So ist das Leben.

Mostly you're feelin'
like a fly
with one leg
in glue.
Five legs free-but
the other one!
Either
you sacrifice it
and hobble along
or
remain stuck.
So ist das Leben since Adam and Eve
were driven from paradise.

That's life

Meistens kommst du dir vor
wie 'ne Fliege
mit einem Bein
im Leim.
Fünf Beine frei – aber
das eine!
Entweder
du opferst es
und hinkst voran
oder
bleibst kleben.
That's life seit Adam und Eva
vertrieben wurden auf dem Paradies.



**End of Helen Williams Drutt
Collection**
